

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Cape May Presents a Gay Picture Over August Week-Ends—Many Persons Are in the Mountains These Days—Dance at Ship and Tent Club

It's perfectly obvious that when James Russell Lowell wrote "What is so rare as a day in June?" he had never been to Cape May on a Saturday afternoon week-end.

The blue flannel uniforms of the Naval Coast Reserve make things mighty picturesque as they appear on the beach, in the movies, in motors and, more than anywhere else, at the Red Mill dance pavilion.



MISS KATHERINE HOBART HARE Miss Hare, whose marriage to Mr. John Conger will take place in October, is on a house party in the Adirondacks.

Margaret McCabe was just about as pretty as a picture on Sunday morning, seated in a wheelchair watching the bathers.

Mrs. Ronald Barlow and her close friend, Ethel Maule, motored over from the Golf Course on Sunday and had a dip with the rest of us.

CERTAINLY the Mather family are at working hard for their country. Gilbert, whose marriage to Gladys Earle takes place on Saturday of this week, has been made a captain of infantry recently at the Fort Niagara camp, and Victor, who is in the quartermaster's department with the rank of captain, is in the North-west buying horses for the Government.

The class is composed of their neighbors in Chester County, and they do work for the Red Cross, the Navy League and the Belgian Relief.

THE fourth of a series of dances to be given at the Ship and Tent Club is to be held tonight.

Mrs. Paul Denckla Mills is to be hostess this evening, and will have a number of women to receive with her, for quite a number are still at home, in spite of the general August exodus.

The enlisted men run the club themselves, with the assistance of these women. Now and then the officers stop in, but it's simply to add to the gayety of nations, not to supervise or direct.

WAYNE RESIDENTS SPEND SUMMER AT DEER ISLAND

Main Line Families Make Up Colonies at Various Resorts

Deer Island, Maine, seems like a small edition of Wayne this summer, as so many of the residents of Wayne are spending the summer there.

Mrs. Drexel was the hostess at the first party, and the second was chaperoned by Mrs. Charlton Yarnall, who invited the enlisted men in honor of the Scribo-Scriptum Club, which, by the way, is a club for girls which Mrs. Yarnall started some time ago.

A patriotic and unique feature of these dances, and one which supplies a touch of color, is the fact that shortly before each comes to an end, at 11 o'clock, the orchestra plays the "Star Spangled Banner" and the entire company of men stand at salute.

Porto Rico Asks Autonomy SAN JUAN, P. R., Aug. 15.—Resolutions addressed to President Wilson and demanding complete self-government for Porto Rico were passed by both houses of the Puerto Rican Legislature yesterday.

DRAFTED MEN ARE TO HAVE TRAINING AT LANSDOWNE

Stay-at-Homes Enjoy Swimming in Lake at Griffith Park

Did you know that some of the men who are physically fit for service under the selective service law are going to receive advance training at the Lansdowne drill grounds of the Philadelphia Military Training Corps?

Speaking of the army, Ted Martin and Wallace Stewart have both "joined" and are now in training down in Texas.

Have these cool, sunny August days been simply marvelous for going a-motoring? And those lucky individuals who are taking trips in their cars surely are to be envied.

Absolutely it would be next to impossible for a Lansdowner to walk along the boardwalk at Ocean City without meeting some one from his home town.

But of course, there are other summer places for Lansdowners to go. The Wilbert Crayles have a cottage at Wildwood Crest and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Long Webb have an attractive summer home on one of the lakes in New York State.

There are always plenty of swimmers and would-be ones in the lake. It's glorious sport for those who know how to dive off into the water in a hundred different ways.

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IF CHIVALRY OBTAINED TODAY



An episode on the avenue.

The Red Mouse

A Story of Love, Jealousy and Politics By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

CHAPTER XIV—(Continued)

BRODERICK, wondering, seated himself; Murgatroyd peered over the little book.

"Seven and seven are fourteen," he mused, "and six are twenty, and eleven—"

"What have you got there?" Broderick asked with mild interest.

"The Penal Code," answered Murgatroyd, lightly.

"Look under B for Bribe," suggested Broderick, with an accusing glance.

Murgatroyd shook his head.

"I'm just figuring up the number of years you'd have to serve."

"But I'm not going to the Senate," protested the politician.

"No, but I am," retorted the prosecutor, "and you'll be in the pen."

"Why, say, Broderick," he exclaimed suddenly, gasping with surprise, "it will cost you in the neighborhood of \$100,000 in fines."

"You don't say!" sarcastically returned the chairman.

"And," continued Murgatroyd, suavely, "about 125 years to serve in sentences."

"I'm looked for a ripe old age," returned Broderick, still with sarcasm in his voice.

"So that eliminates you from the Senate," facetiously continued the prosecutor; "you'll go up for the rest of your unnatural life."

He paused, and shot at Broderick a glance that went home to that meat business.

Broderick squirmed.

"You don't mean to tell me, prosecutor," he exclaimed, "that you're going to prosecute me for these things?"

"The other shrugged his shoulders.

"How can I help it?"

"You don't dare prosecute me!" you blazed hotly, screamed Broderick. "If you do, I'll send you up myself—"

Murgatroyd thought over his words and weighed them.

"I would get out in five years; you would be there for a hundred and thirty more."

Broderick snorted with rage.

"What are you driving at, anyway?"

"I'll be everlastingly confounded if I do!" returned Broderick.

Murgatroyd pressed a button; Mixley came in on the jump.

"Mixley," began Murgatroyd, "hold on!" said Broderick, "I'll help you—"

Murgatroyd nodded.

"Warmly, energetically, enthusiastically—"

"Oh, all that," interrupted Broderick. "Mixley," said the chief, "you can hold those warrants—until after the next Senatorial election."

Broderick gasped; Mixley's nod as he left the room spoke volumes.

"Broderick," said Murgatroyd, looking him in the eye, "you mean business—you're going to back me straight?"

"Not because I want to, but because I've got to," returned the politician. "It seems I must."

He paused and returned Murgatroyd's glance significantly. After a moment, he said:

"Well, fork over, then . . ."

Murgatroyd smiled.

"How much?"

"There will spend and has spent a lot of money," answered Broderick, "and you've got to—"

"How much will you get left?" responded Broderick.

CHAPTER XV

ONE afternoon, many, many months after the interview just described, a few keen observers among the passengers on an incoming Southwestern express—pulling with final, smooth, exhaustive effort into its eastern terminal—"

noted with considerable amusement that the pulses of one of their number had quickened to such a degree that evidently their owner found it quite impossible to resist the temptation to leave

her seat and politely push forward to the vestibule of the car, where she waited until the train came to a full stop. And so it happened that Shirley Bloodgood led the solemn flight of men who were hurrying on the long lanes of the station toward a roped-off space where groups of people waited expectantly for relatives and friends.

Not that Shirley looked forward to seeing a familiar face among them; on the contrary she was fully aware, since she had neglected to telegraph to any one the time of her arrival, that there was not one of a thousand of any of her acquaintances being there; it was merely that she had fallen under the spell of that subtle spirit of unrest and haste which all travelers, however phlegmatic, recognize the moment they breathe the air of the metropolis.

One clear of the exit she turned to the porter who was carrying her bag, tipped him, and directing his attention to a screech in the center of a howling mob of youthful street Arabs ready to pounce upon her bag the instant the porter dropped it, she cried: "Give it to him—him!"

It was a chubby little Russian Jew with red cheeks and glittering eyes whom she selected, and, with a howl of disappointment, the other ragamuffins opened up a lane to let the victor get his spoils, stood while Shirley and her escort marched off, and then swooped down upon another victim.

"Come with me," said Shirley to the boy; and setting her pace to his running stride, she turned her face toward the west.

As Shirley walked rapidly along, the even pavement felt resilient to her well-shod feet. The keen air brought new vigor into her face, and she felt, and in it—partial stranger as she was—she detected that which the metropolitan never scents; the salt vapor of the sea. Thousands of men and women passed her, and to one and all, she turned a careless, unseeing glance.

"There is nothing in the world like it! It will ever be home—the real home to me!" she murmured, half aloud. "The noise, the bustle, the crowds, the life—Oh, how I do love it all!"

For a considerable time Shirley had been living on the heights of Arizona—a wilderness crowded with spars, dotted here and there with human beings. Leaving her mother out there, until under new and altered circumstances, she could arrange their home in the big city that belonged to her—and today, more than ever, she knew that she belonged to the big city, that in truth she was one of its people—she had come all the way through without stopping, reasoning that in that way just so much less time would elapse before she could turn and fetch her. In the West—a land where men stood out in bold relief, because they were few—they had pointed out to her rugged specimens noted for their physical prowess, their dared-to-it recklessness of life, and viewing these swaggering heroes with the sense of personal achievement, however remote, strong upon them, a vague longing had crept into her inner consciousness.

"Oh, if I were only a man!" she had said to herself. But now, as she swept along on the right side of the sidewalk, facing the crowd that passed her on the left, she knew that she was one of its people—she had come all the way through without stopping, reasoning that in that way just so much less time would elapse before she could turn and fetch her. In the West—a land where men stood out in bold relief, because they were few—they had pointed out to her rugged specimens noted for their physical prowess, their dared-to-it recklessness of life, and viewing these swaggering heroes with the sense of personal achievement, however remote, strong upon them, a vague longing had crept into her inner consciousness.

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on, feeling that she could walk on through this mass of howling people who had done something with their hands—people who had not only pushed the earth another four hours upon his journey.

All of a sudden there came a cry at her skirts followed by a youthful girl that called:

"Say, lady," setting down Shirley in mild protest, "you don't belong away! Ain't we got too far?"

After an instant of confusion, she conceded the fact with a frank laugh.

"What am I thinking of?" she cried, "This way then, lady," returned her guide, and picking up her bag he turned southward.

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SHOW LOYALTY TO U. S.

German-Americans Organize Society to Attack All Working Against U. S.

NEW YORK, Aug. 15.—Organization of German-American society, its members consisting of "loyal American citizens of German birth or parentage" for the avowed purpose of combating distrust, was announced here by Harry A. Schendel, secretary of the organization.

"We propose," Mr. Schendel said, "to attack with all possible strength those who are working against this Government. Our organization is making no attack on patriotic men who, although born in Germany, are supporting America and her allies."

WHAT'S DOING TO NIGHT

Fairmount Park Band, Belmont Mansion, 8 o'clock. Free.

Philadelphia Band, City Hall Plaza, 8 o'clock. Free.

Municipal Band, Germantown avenue and Ontario street, 8 o'clock. Free.

Dance for enlisted men, Ship and Tent Club, Twenty-third and Christian streets, 8 o'clock.

National Retail Monument Dealers' Association, Hall, Hotel Adelphi. Members.

Senator Hiram Johnson will speak at patriotic rally, Willow Grove Park, Free.

The Stanley

MARKET above 16TH TODAY—LAST TIMES SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER AND HILDA MOORE

in SIR ARTHUR W. PINEROE "THE SECOND MRS. GARRARD" Commencing September 10—Golden Picture First production, starring MARGARET HARRIS in "POLLY OF THE CIRCUS"

PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. TODAY—LAST TIMES Enid Bennett & Margery Wilson in "THE MOTHER INSTINCT"

ARCADIA CHESTNUT BEL 16TH 10:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. TODAY—LAST TIMES Marc MacDermott & Mildred Manning in "MARY JANE'S PA"

REGENT MARKET BELOW 17TH 10:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. TODAY—LAST TIMES SEENA OWEN "MADAME BO-PEEP"

VICTORIA MARKET ABOVE 9TH 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. TODAY—LAST TIMES DUSTIN FARNUM in "DURAND OF THE BAD LANDS"

B. F. Keith's Theatre CHESTNUT AND TWELFTH STS. THE MEISTERSTERS HASSARD SHORT & CO. Dorothy (Mrs.) Kellar, Miss & Anna Bar, Travilla Bros. & Seal; Others. Today at 2, 5 & 8. Tonight at 8, 10 & 11.

CASINO MATINEE TODAY JEAN BEDINUS JEAN BEDINUS Puss Puss Walnut Above 8th St.

FISHING and surf bathing are fine at Star Harbor, Reading, 11 Excursion Trocadero THE LID LIFTERS, with Johnnie Weber and Dolly Sew

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